

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

O L D CABIN HOME

I am going far away,
Far away to leave you now,
To the Mississippi I am going,
I will take my old banjo,
And I'll sing this little song,
Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

Here is my Old Cabin Home;
Here is my sister and my brother,
Here lies my wife, the joy of my life,
And my child in the grave with its mother.

I am going to leave this land,
With this, our darkey band,
To travel all the wide world over,
And when I get tired,
I will settle down to rest,
Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

Here is my Old Cabin Home, &c.

When old age comes on us,
And my hair is turning gray,
I will hang up my banjo all alone,
I'll set by the fire,
And I'll pass the time away,
Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

Here is my Old Cabin Home, &c.

'Tis there where I roam,
Away down on the old farm,
Where all the darkies am free,
O merrily sound the banjo,
For the white folks around the room,
Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

Here is my Old Cabin Home, &c.

**A. W. AUNER'S
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